NATIONAL REVIEW

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March 8, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The South: 1958

Rural Virginia: A Microcosm

RICHARD WHELAN

The South Is Different

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

But It Won't Stay Buried

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Articles and Reviews by . . . . FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN
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FRANK S. MEYER · JAMES BURNHAM · WILLMOORE KENDALL

For the Record

The proposal that visits be exchanged between high U.S. and Soviet government officials (Vice President Nixon and Soviet Deputy Premier Mikoyan have been suggested) to "remove misconceptions and help base major decisions on realities" is part of the campaign to prepare public opinion for another "summit" conference.

Warned that his "bipartisanship" might cost him Tammany Hall's support in his congressional campaign next fall, Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr. called off a scheduled speech before the New York Young Republican Club....The decision of Senator Harry F. Byrd to reverse himself and seek re-election was prompted primarily by reluctance to see Senator Kerr of Oklahoma inherit his post as chairman of the powerful Senate Finance Committee.

The Chinese Communist press is filled with attacks on Japanese Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi for permitting Japanese publishers and businessmen to continue to refer to the two Chinas, Communist and Nationalist....The Morris Ernst inquiry into l'affaire Galindez, conducted at the expense of Dominican dictator Trujillo, has been completed, and the report will appear in book form shortly....Soviet Ambassador Menshikov paid a courtesy call on Sherman Adams last week. Observed one newsman at the White House: "The only Washingtonian Menshikov hasn't paid a courtesy call on is J. Edgar Hoover."

Minnijean Brown, expelled from Central High School in Little Rock, and granted a scholarship by a private school in New York City, told the press on arrival she changed her name from "Minnie Jean" to "Minnijean" when she "became a celebrity."...New York's junior Senator Javits took a lambasting from the New York Grand Jury investigating the situation in New York schools. The jury deplored his press comments on its activities.

There is an increasing criticism of press secretary Jim Hagerty in Washington circles. Hagerty's quick temper is making him a target of newsmen, while party leaders are critical of White House press releases which emphasize the President's bridge and golf rather than his work schedule.... Quote of the week: "For the past five years I have worked seventy hours a week with President Eisenhower..." from New Jersey Senatorial Candidate Bernard Shanley.

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The WEEK

● Paraphrasing John L. Lewis' famous memo to the AFL's Ethical Practices Committee (Have you discovered any ethical practices yet?), we are sending an inquiry to the House Committee on Legislative Oversight: "Have you failed to overlook anything yet?"

● "Give 'em Hell" Harry, the scourge of history, was in his element at the $100-a-plate Democratic dinner in Washington. Riding with abandon through history, he pinned every depression since the Civil War on Republican "control of the White House," even though Grover Cleveland, an incontestable Democrat (and an incontestably good one) happened to be President during the lugubrious period of panics, breadlines, business failures and bank closings that began in 1893 and ended with Republican McKinley's election in 1896. It is footless at this point to enlarge on Mr. Truman's disdain for facts. Everybody knows that Mr. Truman uses "history" as a sculptor uses clay, to objectify an image that exists in his own mind. Republicans, to him, are devils, and any distortion of truth that serves to bring out their Satanic lineaments is legitimate. Who is to question his methods, his aim being desirable? Not Dean Acheson. Not Adlai Stevenson. Not Archibald MacLeish or Elmer Davis or their Committee on Ethics in Politics.

● Taking another step along the predictable course that was set when the rediscount rate began to be lowered last November (see "The Rediscount Rate As Omen," NATIONAL REVIEW, Nov. 30, 1957), the Federal Reserve Board has reduced mandatory bank reserves by an initial one-half per cent, thus making available about $3 billion in additional bank credit. The business community responded with a collective yawn and a stock market selloff. Wall Street knew that for private business the current trouble was not a lack of lendable funds but of prospects of sufficient profit to make them worth borrowing. The real purpose of the Fed's move became clearer a day or two later when the Treasury announced a $1¼ billion nine-year loan to mop up the unsubscribed leftover from January's large refunding operation. With deficits ahead, the Fed was getting the banking system ready to purchase larger quantities of government paper.

● The world can stop holding its breath over one point. The election to decide whether Egyptian and Syrian voters agreed to the new United Arab Republic that their rulers had arranged for them was held, and according to the count (announced approximately twelve minutes after the polls closed) Unity won, 7,414,887 to 286. It is said that one of the older desert chiefs demanded a recount, arguing that the figure must be false because he had 287 wives of his own and had personally supervised a No vote by all of them, but he was told by the authorities to go hide his head in the sand. In the race for President, Nasser met sterner opposition: 7,414,925 to 451. There is a rumor that if things here get to look any worse for the Republicans, Meade Alcorn is going to borrow a few Egyptian ward heelers to help out guess when.

● Upon hearing the news that the government was docking their pay, thousands of Yugoslav miners who had not met their production schedule hit on a most effective way of protesting: the night shift refused to vacate the mine for the day shift. (The government gave in after two days.) Marshal Tito, who was forced to admit to these strange doings when they were reported in the Western press, could not contain his indignation at the yellow journalism of the bourgeois world. "Everyone," he sputtered, "stares at us. . . . Whenever there is something negative, the big noise is made." The Yugoslav press had, of course, shown more understanding.

● General Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes, the conservative President-Elect of Guatemala who in the recent election won a substantial plurality over the candidates of Left and Center, last week visited Washington as a guest of President Eisenhower. He declared on arrival that Guatemala stood with the United States "in the struggle against Communism," and stressed the "very good relations" between "our two countries." Easy, General; more of that kind of talk, and Guatemala will be off the Foreign Aid list.

● Did Lenin, young *and* old, go and do any "particular things" as a result of having read *Das Kapital?* Did the framers of British foreign policy behave differently than they would otherwise have behaved because of having read Keynes' *Economic Consequences of the Peace?* Did anyone ever pursue life in closer harmony with the teachings of Christ for having read Thomas-à-Kempis? If you are disposed to answer any of these questions in the affirmative, you run the risk of ranging yourself on the other side from Poet-Critic Mark Van Doren. In a recent statement opposing "censorship of anything, by anybody, at any time," Mr. Van Doren argued that he knows of "no evidence that any human being, old or young, did a certain thing because he read a certain book." Strange to find a literary critic with so little faith in books, or in their power (in Milton's phrase) to be malefactors—or benefactors—in the world of deeds and omissions.

● Three weeks ago NATIONAL REVIEW ran the following editorial paragraph: "WANTED: A Case History—of a bright and qualified young American boy who could not get into college in 1957 for failure to find scholarship aid. NATIONAL REVIEW wants to know where all the students are who, in the absence of a program of federal aid, are being deprived of the opportunity to develop demonstrated talents—and will pay, to the first three readers who send in case histories, ten dollars each." Responses to date: 0.

The grand jury called to investigate the tax returns of Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr. has nine weeks to live. Fifty-four weeks have gone by since it was last convened to hear evidence.

● *Civil Service Opinion,* an English magazine, has done a splendid research job on the language used by Her Majesty's Government. Examples: (from an Air Ministry Order) "the end opposite to the front of an engine shall be called the rear"; (from the National Health Service Contribution Act, 1957) "a person over pensionable age, not being an insured person, shall be treated as an employed person if he would be an insured person were he under pensionable age and would be an employed person were he an insured person"; (from a London Airport Administration Instruction) "to facilitate the smooth flow of passengers through the Terminal it is imperative that the escalators at all times operate in the same direction as the passenger flow . . . If escalators are stationary or moving contrary to the passenger flow, passengers have no alternative but to find an escalator which is moving in the direction they wish to go. As a result . . . confusion ensues." Does anyone remember the name of the lord who protested so strenuously against American bureaucratic prose some time last year? We trust he is busily engaged at home.

● This coming June, from the fifteenth through the twenty-eighth, the Claremont Men's College of Claremont, California, will hold its fifth Institute on Freedom and Competitive Enterprise. The scheduled speakers, each of whom will deliver eight lectures and preside over as many discussion seminars, are Dr. Milton Friedman of the University of Chicago economics faculty, Friedrich Hayek, author of *The Road to Serfdom* and distinguished teacher, and Bruno Leoni, Director of the *Instituto di Scienze Politiche,* University of Pavia, Italy. Attendance at the Institute will be limited. Thirty all-expense fellowships (room, board and round-trip transportation) will be awarded. For information, prospective fellows should get in touch with Professor Arthur Kemp, the Institute's resident director at Claremont.

● Précis of a correspondence we have in our files: 1) Letter from Alfred Kohlberg, "sole proprietor" of the China Lobby, to Hon. Sherman Adams: If you really want to keep up with the Russians, imitate the Red Chinese and send a million bureaucrats out to work on farms (the work will improve their health; government staffs will be smaller; more work will get done). 2) Letter from Alfred Kohlberg to Securities and Exchange Commission: Is it true that the Ford Motor Company sold 50 million shares of stock with a book value of $34.71 at $64.50 per share, then pocketed the profits for a tax-exempt foundation? 3) Letter—probably forged—from Sherman Adams to Alfred Kohlberg: Why don't you disembarrass yourself of the China Lobby as the Chinese have disembarrassed themselves of the bureaucrats? 4) Letter from Alfred Kohlberg to Securities and Exchange Commission: If I decide to sell the China Lobby, may I do so without divulging the book value, and count on tax exemption for the foundation I'll then set up?

Assault from Strange Quarters

We note with sorrow the inadequate analysis of the Jenner Bill which last week prompted the House of Delegates of the American Bar Association and the *Chicago Tribune* to oppose it. The premises of the Jenner Bill—as brilliantly analyzed by Mr. Bozell last week—are 1) that the Supreme Court, out of a sustained misunderstanding of the rights of Congress and the several states, has eviscerated the internal security program of the United States; and 2) that Congress, under the Constitution, can and if it sees fit should do something about this (concretely, remove the whole program from the Supreme Court's appellate jurisdiction).

The *Chicago Tribune* shrinks, prospectively, from the chaos that would ensue upon the removal, from the security area, of an ultimate arbiter. The fact is that the Court of Appeals in Washington would replace the Supreme Court as final arbiter in the vast majority of the cases that arise out of the operation of the federal security program. And as for cases that arise out of the working of state anti-subversion laws, what has the individual lost that is not lost by the grant to the individual states of authority to pass their own laws, even conflicting laws? One can go to jail in Connecticut for offenses that are not punishable in Nevada. Is this ground for doing away with state laws? No: nor is it ground for opposing the Jenner Bill.

The fact is that there never was such chaos as *now* exists due to the behavior of the incumbent Supreme Court. The individual states are explicitly assured by Congress that they may have their own anti-subversive legislation—and the Supreme Court tells them Congress didn't really give them that right (*Nelson*). At the moment, congressional committees haven't the remotest idea what question they may legally ask a witness, what question they may not (*Watkins*). State bar associations do not know what they may properly stipulate as a condition for the practice of the law (*Konigsberg*). Schools and colleges do not know how they can adequately protect themselves against teachers who plead the Fifth Amendment (*Slochower*). The federal government does not know what are its powers in enforcing a loyalty-security program (*Peters, Service*). In short, Senator Jenner has proposed merely that Congress avail itself of a recourse expressly provided in the Constitution with a view to a) straightening out existing chaos; b) returning to the states those rights which are inherently theirs; and c) restoring to Congress the power to safeguard the nation against internal subversion according to the best lights of the chosen representatives of the people.

The Jenner Bill has been hurt by the indecision of the Right. The Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee will, next week, hear the testimony of Mr. Bozell, who will represent NATIONAL REVIEW. We urge the Committee to try out on *him* those facile objections to which they have been listening from such as Mr. Joseph L. Rauh Jr. They will find out how empty they are.

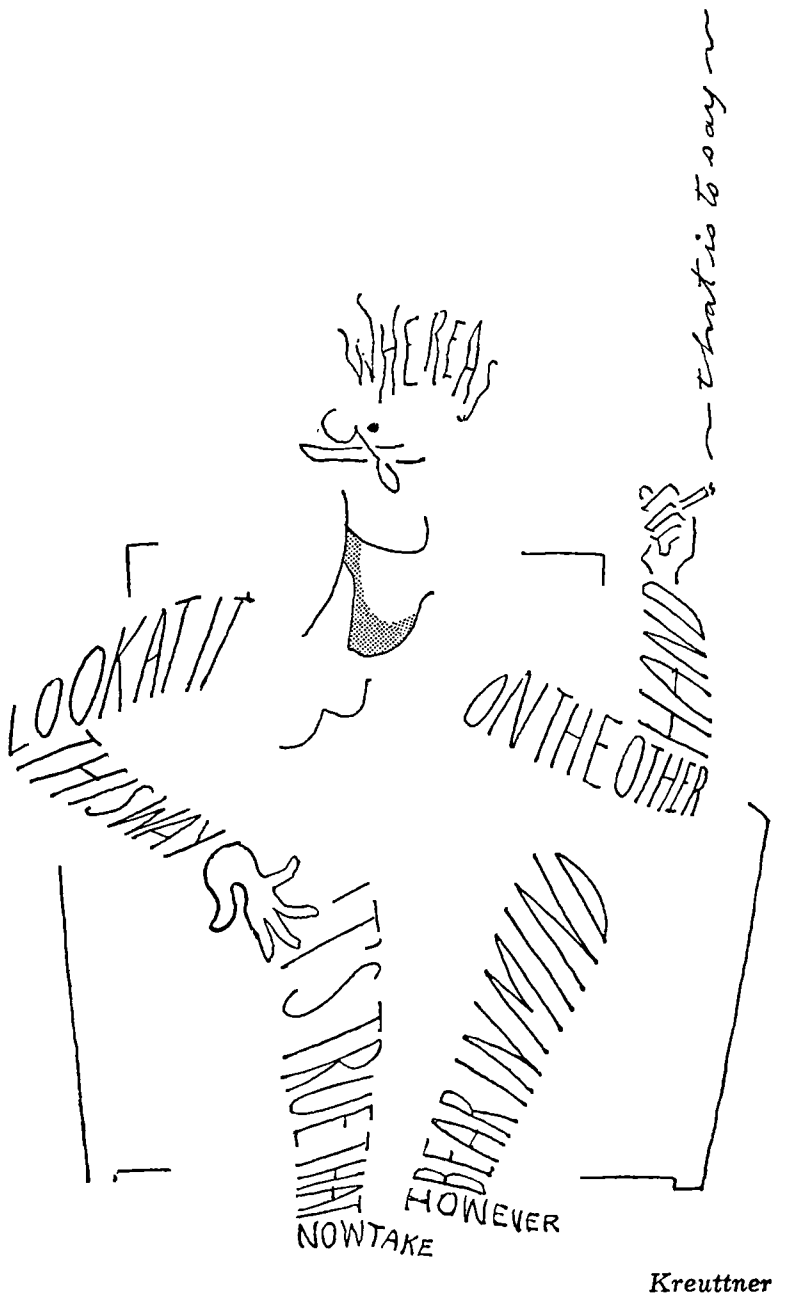
Circus for Bread for Abroad

The Liberal press is not bothering to be coy about Eric Johnston's circus, as witness all the "leads" last week that spoke of "selling" the spectators on foreign aid. William S. White of the *New York Times* states the objective of the "conference" most forthrightly: to persuade Americans that there is not, and cannot be, any "issue," either between the parties or within the parties, as to the need for a "strong foreign aid program" to protect the "national security."

Mr. Eisenhower said it, with a gypsy phrase about the "iron imperatives of security and the building of true peace." Mr. Truman, apparently having slept and walked off the intoxication of his recent give-'em-hell speech, said it: the only "politics" involved in foreign aid is, quite simply, the "politics of survival." A whole list of trained seals said it, including Eric Johnston himself (though he got a little weak at the end): "I think [!] we have come here because we really believe this." But none of them got around to explaining why the relevant program, which includes military and economic and cultural aid to nations ranging from Spain to Poland, is always presented as an all-or-nothing package. And none got around to posing the question that matters, namely: Does anyone really think the anti-foreign-aid elements in Congress are going to be buffaloed by these tactics?

Pace, the Demagogues

As far as we are concerned, the President can gather together members of his grammar school baseball team, pack them into the Columbine and fly figure eights between Coney Island and Disneyland three times a week, and you won't find us questioning a) his "right" to put the plane to frivolous use, or b)



Kreuttner

"Why be half confused? Why not let me explain to you why federal troops are necessary in Little Rock but not in Brooklyn?"

his "right" to invite aboard that plane, free of charge, anyone he likes.

We have no sympathy, in a word, for the reporter who asked James Hagerty why Mr. Eisenhower didn't fly direct from Thomasville, Georgia, to Washington, instead of taking a 2,900-mile detour to drop wife and sister-in-law at Phoenix; and whether Mrs. Eisenhower and her sister intended to reimburse the government the cost of the trip. (Hagerty said no, of course, in, of course, ill-humored fashion.) The carpers quickly inquired and found out that to rent a Super-Constellation for a trip from Georgia to Arizona to Washington would cost $14,000, leaving the public with the impression that Eisenhower had lavished that much of the government's money on the cosmetic pursuits of his wife.

Actually, the insinuation is demagogic. The Columbine is not, between trips, hired out to the public; and the Columbine's crew is paid just as much when the Columbine is in the air as when it is not. Thus all the detour can be said to have cost is a little extra gasoline. Even so—even if the trip had cost much more than a few gallons of gas, let us abjure *that* kind of criticism of the President. Everybody knows that there are usufructs of high political office, and, in the case of the Presidency of the United States, very costly ones indeed. It is one thing to say that as President Mr. Eisenhower is not doing very well, and another to complain that, in the course of being President, he utilizes facilities that go with the office.

And anyway, there are those who feel that the commonweal stands to benefit in inverse ratio to the attention the incumbent President devotes to its affairs.

Frondizi to Fronde?

We should like, for the record, to challenge the Establishment's interpretation of the Argentine elections. They do indeed represent "Democracy at Work" in Argentina (the *New York Times*' phrase) —but not, as we are being told, for the first time in thirty years, not in a fashion that we in this country have any reason to celebrate. A democratic election occurred in Argentina in 1946. That democratic election, which consolidated Perón in power, resulted, like this week's, in an overwhelming victory for the Argentine *Left*. Indeed, Frondizi was supported by the Communists and the Peronistas. We are happy about the results of "Democracy at Work" in Argentina as we would be happy about an outbreak of bubonic plague.

The Liberals have consistently gone wrong on Argentina because they cannot get it through their heads that Perón was *not* a Rightist, but a typical Leftist demagogue who took advantage of the premature introduction of democracy in Argentina to carry out a typical Leftist program of leveling, confiscation, and *dirigisme*. He was, come to think of it, not an illegitimate expression of the political and economic ideas the Establishment puts forward as a remedy for the world's ills. We glumly predict, in Argentina, new applications of those ideas; which means there will be hell to pay. What more appropriate name for the harbinger of an Argentine *Fronde* than Frondizi?

Presidential Disability: Another Try

Sam Rayburn, veteran Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives, is trying to give some renewed urgency to dealing with the problem of possible Presidential disability. He has offered a bill proposing that a finding of disability could be made either by the President himself or by a commission consisting of the Vice President, the Secretary of State, and the congressional leadership, acting on proper medical advice. The *de facto* job of chief executive would then devolve upon the Vice President.

By the terms of the Rayburn bill the same commission would be vested with the power to restore a President to office on adequate evidence of renewed "fitness to perform." Speaker Rayburn makes light of Attorney General William P. Rogers' opinion that a disability bill would be unconstitutional. NATIONAL REVIEW concurs: since there is already a disability clause in the Constitution, it is clearly within the legislative province to set up means for its implementation. In the light of what has happened—or almost happened—in three of the last seven administrations, it is high time that Congress did so.

Legislative Oversights

When the McClellan Committee was busy with its exposé of labor unions it spaded up so much incriminating evidence of personal corruption that it lost sight of the main issue, which is union monopoly power. James Hoffa got a lecture, but the ability of Walter Reuther to force the hand of all the automobile companies merely by "bargaining" with one of them remains unchanged.

A similar pattern of deflection from the main issue seems to be shaping up in the current House Legislative Oversight Subcommittee's investigation of the Federal Communications Commission and other "independent" agencies. The dust that was originally kicked up when the subcommittee's erstwhile counsel, Dr. Bernard Schwartz, started picking on the expense accounts and the "honoraria" of key FCC per-

sonnel continues to fly about. Yet, as the press conducts its editorial debate about the ethics of taking an honorarium for a speech when you are employed by government, the issue of constantly expanding Commission power over business is hardly discussed at all.

Thus, as the charges of "influence" fill the Washington air, the basic power of the FCC over the radio and television business remains unquestioned. Admittedly, an FCC will be needed to allocate wave lengths as long as the radio "spectrum" remains limited. But the same FCC that decides on the dispensation of wave-length licenses has the power to say whether or not there shall be pay-as-you-see TV, or whether experiments may or not be conducted in such matters as color television. Thus a federal body which is needed only to set up stop-and-go signals for radio traffic presumes to monitor such things as the financing and the development of programs. It is as if a federal body were to tell a newspaper that it must make its revenue from advertising, not from sales on newsstands in public places.

The House Legislative Oversight Subcommittee is ironically named: there has been too much "oversight"—and not enough "overseeing"—in letting the regulatory commissions go their imperial way.

What Hath Chubb Wrought?

At Yale University there is an institution called the Chubb Fellowship. Chubbs are used to bring to Yale, specifically to Timothy Dwight College, men of practical experience in world affairs. The Chubb Fellows take up residence in Timothy Dwight for one week, during which period they are accessible to students and faculty who quiz them about practical affairs in the practical world. Yale University has announced the name of the next Chubb Fellow, who is none other than Harry Truman.

Well, Mr. Chubb, though he has not been heard from, probably never intended the joke to be carried that far. But there is something to be said for exposing college students to the luridities of life, political life in particular. A few of us were once undergraduates at Yale, and one of us recalls that a professor of political science one day invited a New Haven assemblyman to deliver a lecture on local politics. The assemblyman, to illustrate the character of his job, brought his morning's mail, and before the full view of the class, opened the twenty-odd envelopes. Out of 15 of them tumbled parking tickets—little reminders, from constituents, of what a politician is useful for. Extrapolate, and you get Harry Truman. It is highly educational to grasp that, and we thank Mr. Chubb for making it easier for Yale students to do so.

A word of caution to Yale: as you worship Clio, don't let the Department of History go *near* Mr. Truman. It would take ten generations of historians to straighten out the record.

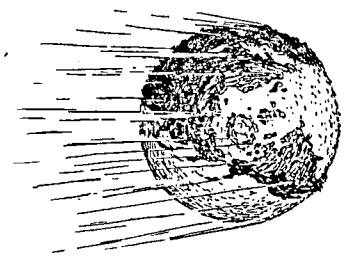
Notes and Asides

A few weeks ago NATIONAL REVIEW suggested that conservative Republicans have a considerable stake in two political contests this year: the race for the Senate in New Jersey by Judge Robert Morris, formerly chief counsel of the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee; and the race for Governor of California by Senator William Knowland. We suggested that our readers might want to forward the political fortunes of these two men by contributing money to their campaigns.

The response, from our uniquely generous and responsible readers, has been remarkable. Judge Morris has, to date, received donations from thirty cities in nineteen states, as has, presumably, Senator Knowland. We rejoice that the money, even though, for the most part, in very small amounts, is coming in: both because it indicates a robust interest in the political careers of two critical political figures, and because it evidences the responsiveness of NATIONAL REVIEW's readers. To avoid invidious comparisons, we shall not list the delinquent states: we merely repeat that contributions to Judge Morris should be sent to 304 Atlantic Avenue, Point Pleasant, N. J., and those to Senator Knowland to the Senate Office Building, Washington 25, D. C.

The Winter Issue of *Modern Age,* Russell Kirk's new conservative quarterly, contains an article by Harold L. Platt comparing education in American public schools with the strikingly superior methods (and results) of the Swiss. Reprints available from *Modern Age,* % the Foundation for Foreign Affairs, 64 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Our Contributors—in this special issue on the South: ANTHONY HARRIGAN ("The South *Is* Different") is an editorial writer on the Charleston (S.C.) *News and Courier* and a contributor to various magazines. . . . JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK ("But It Won't Stay Buried"), author of *The Sovereign States,* succeeded the late Douglas Southall Freeman as editor of the *Richmond News Leader,* on which RICHARD WHALEN ("Rural Virginia: A Microcosm") is his editorial assistant. . . . ANDREW LYTLE ("The Quality of the South") teaches at the University of Florida. He was one of the contributors to *I'll Take My Stand,* and has published four novels of which the latest is *The Velvet Horn.*



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

South Sea Chiaroscuro

We probably don't have the right mental categories for understanding exactly what is going on in Indonesia. To a Western observer, Sukarno's leisurely six weeks of foreign travel while his regime was falling apart at home just don't make sense. But maybe it was very smart in terms of Melanesian psychology. Maybe Sukarno put across the idea that he was a being of a higher order than politicians and soldiers, above their petty squabbles, and immune to their attacks.

Again: when we say "Indonesia" we think of a nation in more or less the same political meaning as the American or European nations we know; and we therefore interpret what is going on there as we would the emergence of a second government in this country, Brazil or France. In truth Indonesia is not and has never been a nation: neither geographically, ethnically, culturally nor politically. What we call "Indonesia" means 3,000 islands spread over a 3,000-mile stretch of the South Seas, together with undefined amounts of the surrounding ocean. The only unity this agglomeration ever had was in being subjected for some generations to the more or less uniform administration of the Dutch colonial empire.

When the Dutch Left

When the Dutch were forced out—by American more decisively than by local pressures—the problem was to construct a nation, not to take one over. The original agreement, embodied in treaty and founding constitution, was for a loose federation. Sukarno, who is politically and personally a product of Java, the most populous though not the largest or richest of the islands, set his course for a semi-totalitarian ("guided democracy") Javanese imperialism. The Communists, who draw their main strength from the crowded Javanese masses, hitched on. They have always found Sukarno an easy man to get along with.

But Sukarno didn't have the technical, administrative, police or military apparatus to fuse this geographically unique archipelago into a tight Javanese empire. The South Molucca ("Spice Islands") group—many of whose inhabitants are Christian—never tied in, and claims to be an independent Republic with its own foreign service. The richer, larger islands such as Sumatra and Celebes, resent Javanese economic exploitation. Strict Moslems and many military men, even on Java, have been uneasy (and perhaps jealous) over the presence of the Communists in the Jakarta regime. Indonesia has been falling apart ever since it started; or, more accurately, it never got together.

The Scapegoat that Failed

A few months ago—doubtless at the suggestion of the Communists, who could point to many successful precedents—Sukarno tried a diversionary coup against the Dutch in the hope that it would regroup all elements around him in single-minded hatred of the Paleface. He got rid of the Dutch, all right, and drove Indonesia's economy down several more notches, but the maneuver was too patently artificial to reverse the disintegration process.

The rebellious provincial colonels, who already controlled many of the outlying islands, set up their counter-government at Padang in Sumatra, under a civilian, Dr. Sjafruddin Prawiranegara. Again there is a baffling irrationality, from a Western point of view. To announce a second, and dual, government is in a Western nation equivalent to a declaration of civil war. But it took a week for even desultory shooting to start in Indonesia. Thus the junta at Padang isn't exactly "a government"—even though it exercises de facto sovereignty over large areas and millions of persons, and issues its own orders both domestic and external. It is a sort of government, but would apparently settle with Jakarta for: a) the ousting of the Communists from the regime; b) more local rights for the outlying islands; c) the anti-Communist Hatta back in office as premier.

It would be a mistake to believe that the Padang semi-government is firmly pro-Western; and a mistake also, though a lesser one, to feel that Sukarno's Javanese government is already a mere Communist puppet. But as the breach widens toward civil war, each side is compelled to draw out, more and more rigorously, the consequences of its own vaguely formulated policies. The shifting relationship of forces begins to drive each along an ever narrowing road.

No Excuse This Time

As the anti-Communists shift toward Padang, the relative weight of the Communists at Jakarta automatically increases. And the Padang colonels, even while proclaiming anti-Dutch orthodoxy, will have to seek Western money and weapons to meet the superior resources now at Sukarno's disposal. If the colonels are crushed, then there will be no serious obstacle to a gradual Communist takeover of an Indonesia that in time *they* will organize as part of *their* empire. If the colonels win, or tie, Indonesia will hardly become a Western bastion, but it will probably remain loose enough not to be a special threat.

Jakarta and Padang thus present us with an unusually clear-cut choice. And precisely because of Indonesia's amorphous looseness, and its geographical ocean-remoteness from our land-power enemy, we have an unusually favorable theater for influencing the outcome. If we support the colonels in the relevant ways (of which there is a considerable variety both official and unofficial) there is nothing much Soviet Russia (or Red China) can do about it except bleat to the United Nations.

This is one round that we can have no excuse for losing.

The South Is Different

The South is diverse, yet thanks to the Supreme Court it is once more the "Solid South." It is changing, yet its traditions will save it from the drab conformity dictated by Madison Avenue

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

The South *is* different. That is why it is so fascinating to people who live in other regions of America.

Visitors to the South are, depending on their point of view, amazed, amused, entranced or enraged by the South's differences. But for every author of a condemnatory article, the South has a thousand friends who are just crazy about Dixie.

Every spring, when the first wisteria begins to spill over old brick walls, the South's friends cross the Potomac. They come to view the South's camellias and azaleas, walk through the Southern pineywoods, ride on flatboats through the South's swamps, tour Southern "shrines" and historic houses, drive along moss-hung Southern roads, peep into Southern gardens, eat Southern hominy and grits, shrimp and shad and oysters, rice and gravy, crabs and baked breads. These friends enjoy and admire Southern houses, highways, flowers, smiles and victuals. If they dislike Southern politics, they clearly do not deem politics the most important thing in life.

Yes, they are all crazy about the South—the rich New Yorkers, the honeymooners from Illinois and the elderly couples from Massachusetts. There is no evidence that they believe the literary and political legend of the South as a land of morons, lynchers, rapists, nightriders and servant-whippers.

Southerners know that people read in the newsmagazines and the paperback books that they are psychologically stunted and spiritually impoverished. But they don't get too excited. They know that millions of Northern tourists see the falsity of the myth and the scare articles when they travel south in the springtime.

The rich, differentiating vitality of the South cannot be enclosed in a single definition. Therein lies much of the trouble the South has in getting itself across to the rest of the nation. It is also why the best way to counter the effect of the headlines is to invite a Northern friend to visit, go to church with the family, drink whisky on the piazza, talk to the Negroes who drive the tractors across the big fields, and fish in the surf off the magnificent beaches along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. That is the best of all possible ways to make a Northerner understand that the South isn't a chapter from a novel by Erskine Caldwell.

Essential Conservatism

The South today is as much a land of Cadillacs, waterskiiers, air-conditioning and split-level houses as it is a land of cotton and tobacco, sawmills, bourbon and drawling voices. But the South is still very different, and the gap isn't closing between the sections. It has, to be sure, changed in the last twenty years. For that matter, the South of 1938 was very different from the South of 1918. There's always been change, and more rapid change than you think. Yet the essential Southernness has remained.

The South has a sort of built-in power brake, which is a most effective piece of historical equipment. It has an essential conservatism, which has kept it from skidding into some very unhappy patterns, enthusiasms and crazes. The prosperity-worship of the nineteen-twenties that made many sections of the country abandon old standards of decent behavior came too late for most of the South. By the time many Southerners realized that a "brave new world" was aborning, the crash came and destroyed the modernist, materialist shibboleths. And when the depression set in and gave the country a severe shock, the South didn't find the shock so terrific. After all, poverty had been a continuing condition south of the Mason-Dixon line for decades. Many Northern youths were so shocked that they turned to radical political movements; Southerners of the rising generation had had the experience of troubled times that enabled them to understand events and take them in stride. And so it was that the South, unlike the North, produced no crop of radicals in those bitter years.

Josephine Pinckney, the Southern novelist, wrote about the generation of Southerners that matured in the late nineteen-twenties and early thirties. Her words still apply:

> They share with the rest of American youth the advantages of the new education, freedom of movement, and frankness of speech, and it is certain that a fairly large number has managed to preserve a good taste, a feeling for courtesy that checks extravagance along these lines. The thoughtful ones see which way they are headed and are prepared to stem the flood.

Since World War II, the South has gained new economic security. But it has done so without notable sacrifice of its traditions of independence and humane living, personalness and nonconformism. Factories have been mechanized but not the people.

Of course, the tempo of Southern life has speeded up in the nineteen-forties and fifties. Southerners who have matured in the last fifteen years have behind them the same national experiences of war and boom that Americans in other regions also share. But the North has changed too. If the South has become a little less personal, the North has become vastly more impersonal. If the South now includes suburbia, the North includes a rapidly-expanding subtopia.

Note, for example, that for the first time in decades the North is not a Land of Promise to the able, educated young Southerner. The Southerners who are heading North are the Negroes from abandoned cotton lands and the hillbillies from remote back-country areas. The South today is losing its worst citizens to the North, not its best.

The Southern experience, in short, has to be related to the experience of life in the North. Southern cities are not enjoying fantastic growth. But Northern cities, as they grow, are filling up with migrants who bring major social headaches and economic costs, and the solvent middle class is fleeing the Northern cities for the suburbs and beyond.

So it is that Southerners today are trying to persuade Northern friends to move South—and the South is, indeed, gaining many first-class citizens from the North, along with a lot of first-class industry. If the South has its quota of racial troubles, the North has more than its quota of labor troubles. If Northern editors were as frank as Horace Greeley was in the nineteenth century, they might say editorially: "Go South, young man."

States of Mind

The South, as every traveler knows, is not one place, one monolithic society. There are many Souths.

There are as many other Souths as there are Southern states. And there are Souths that cross state lines, regions that unite coastal belts and piedmont areas. Indeed the South is more than a place or places; it is a state of mind, many states of mind.

Today, however, there is a new South—the hardcore South solidified in the last four years as the result of political pressures. If economic changes were splintering the South in the nineteen-forties and early nineteen-fifties, the May 17, 1954 decision of the United States Supreme Court welded the South into new unity.

Resentment at the application of judicial, legislative and journalistic pressure has caused a hardening of Southern opinion in the last four years. There has been a truly astonishing revival of pamphleteering. There has been close cooperation between state governors and attorneys general. There have been frequent meetings of southwide resistance groups. Talk at the dinner table in country clubs, at cocktail parties, in barber shops is today talk of what is happening in Montgomery, Nashville, Little Rock, Charleston and Tallahassee. There is psychological unity, if not political unity. For widespread awareness of being under pressure to change a way of life has forged new ties between very different parts of the South.

It is difficult to realize that there is a new pattern of Southern thinking. One asks oneself: What way of life has the tobacco grower in Southside, Virginia, in common with a missile worker at the Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama? How does the shrimp-boat captain on the Carolina coast feel related to the cotton farmer in the Mississippi Delta?

Actually, their common experience is an experience of being attacked, pushed around, scorned, ridiculed—in the newsreels, the television "studies" of Southern race situations, the newspapers and magazines. Southerners in many walks of life and many different locales realize that they are painted as devils and considered a collective blot on the life of the nation. They know what they and their families and friends are like, and they don't accept the press and television portraits as factual. They are profoundly resentful at the characterization of themselves in the pages of such publications as *Time* and *Life.*

Southerners aren't eager to be sundered from the life of the nation. They don't have a chip on their shoulders, waiting for a Northerner to push it off. On the contrary: they are well aware that there are millions of Americans who share their attitudes and a common heritage. But press lords have insisted on characterizing Southerners as brutes and bigots, and have thereby increased regional consciousness.

The pressure applied against the South is *not* causing the South to surrender its culture and approach to life. Because the Southerner of today wants new factories on the bayous and in the magnolia groves, enjoys air-conditioning in his office, flies to New York once a week on business and enjoys a martini as well as any Manhattanite, one must not conclude that he is prepared to surrender his traditions and his way of life.

With the coming of economic progress, Southerners have done a lot of soul-searching and self-examination. The pressure campaigns of the last four years have resulted in even more thoughtful study. Looking back at their land and its traditions, Southerners have come to realize that the mind of the South took its shape in an age of realism in men and affairs, back in the eighteenth century. The original shapers of the Southern tradition believed that progress resulted not from equality of condition, but from fruitful inequalities.

The North: Talk vs. Actions

The South has always been frank about its position on the question of equality. And, in the North, many persons over many generations have shared the view of Southern thinkers. But for generations Northerners who hold profoundly conservative views of society have cloaked their views.

Educated Southerners have long recognized the discrepancies between the North's public statements and its private principles. The bitter experience of Reconstruction and the lasting economic occupation of the South, which extends down to our present day, combined to teach several generations of Southerners that the North's high-flown talk and its real actions are worlds apart.

The educated Southerner knows, to be sure, that money power is not employed against him so blatantly these days. Domination of the South, the cutting back of its political influence in the nation, is achieved nowadays by means more appropriate to the sophisticated mid-twentieth century. Southerners see applied to themselves the hidden persuaders of politics and mass movements. They recognize that attempts are being made not simply to sell integration to them but to sell them fear of losing new industry. But great social changes affecting a region with strong traditions cannot be achieved by the manipulative techniques of advertising. Elements in the North are trying hard to achieve great social changes in this way, of course. But those elements that have sought to merchandize candidates and policies like a breakfast cereal are meeting great resistance and disbelief.

Educated Southerners profoundly

resent the application of human engineering and engineering of consent techniques to their way of life. They consider it the least candid and honest development in the long history of American political life. They are among the least "other-directed" citizens in this Republic, to employ the modern term that describes Americans whose character and behavior are shaped by the pressures applied to them. There is simply too much of the hard substance of the South's experience working on the lives of Southerners. Change has come slowly. It has not been a shattering experience. There are no large groups of persons whose parents or grandparents knew fear and oppression in the slums and peasant villages of Europe. Rather, historic memories of Southerners are of freedom under Southern skies, of battling for what one believes is right, and of resisting outsiders and outside influence.

There are literally millions of conservatives in the South, millions of opponents of rapid change. Even today in the midst of the rush for industry, many citizens in all walks of life are saying, "Go slow." Southerners don't want to be swept away by too rapid industrialization or by any sort of economic or social change that is too swift. There are plenty of people around to drag their feet or hold their shoulders against the door. There are three hundred years of history behind the South, history with a special bent. It is highly unlikely that this will be written off overnight. And Southerners ask: Why should the South be recast in the image of New York?

Southerners are not given to ideologies or to theorizing. But they know they want to remain somewhat different. They know they want for themselves and their posterity things that the North doesn't offer, that the radicals in the North would squeeze out of Southern life if their influence became predominant. Southerners want leisure—time off to go hunting in the fall and fishing when the bass are biting; more important things, like a sense of belonging to a place where one's father and his father before him lived and died and where status is not the result of a bankroll or living in the "right" development.

Educated Southerners know that these are the conditions for the slow maturing of a good life and the perfection of individual ways—of civilization, in short. Southerners may regret that their region doesn't have better symphony orchestras and more adequate art museums. But they know that these are secondary considerations. People in flourishing Northern cities, where there is no real community closeness and few shared ideals, have the apparatus of "culture." But Southerners also know that culture, as one Englishman recently expressed it, may be "a cosmopolitan system of fashions not altogether different from the conspiracy which dictates the way women will dress all over the world from its cells in Paris and New York." Such a "culture" may admire art but be utterly contemptuous of the slow movement of life that makes civilization possible.

"Wave of the Future"

Some writers and historians, including some in the South, say that the wave of history is against the South. They say that determinism shows that the Southern pattern of life is destined to break up. They say the South has five, ten, perhaps fifteen years at the most, at the end of which it will be exactly like every other part of the United States. They imply that the South, when that day comes, will be bland, homogenized, with all but the officially approved prejudices removed, eating what the food institutes say to eat, making love the way the sex institutes and marital counselors say is best, jumping when the doctors say jump, buying candidates "sold" by the word manipulators on Madison Avenue, organized by Big Labor and dependent for jobs on Big Business.

This writer and millions of Southerners disagree with this forecast. The Southern view is that men and women and Providence, not impersonal economic forces and world political movements—make history. Brave men, determined men, men who remember what their fathers lived and died for, make history. No one is compelled to follow the advice of political and cultural hucksters. And by no means does history demonstrate that economics is the decisive force in society (only the Marxist believes that as an article of faith). Ideas of true community, of family love and loyalty, of individuality within a tradition —all continue and have meaning where men persist in them. And supposing the South's traditions do not survive the assault of other ideas? Is the possibility of that sufficient cause for Southerners to goosestep with the rest of the nation, accept conformity and uniformity, reject the nonconformism which is independence? Of course not, for as Calhoun, the greatest of Southern thinkers, said long ago, the victory is in the struggle.

In other times other people have lost fights that they believed to be right, succumbed to what they considered barbarism. But the threat of defeat did not deter them from doing what they believed to be right and necessary.

Some Southerners, of course, will not struggle for their conception of the good life. Others, make no mistake about it, *will*. There will be plenty of brands saved from the burning. After all, what *is* the goal of the American Republic? Not, certainly, that citizens should march in unison like so many robots or like sheep behind a leader or, again, like soldiers in a platoon, silent and obedient to orders. The traditions of the Republic and human experience itself point to the importance of variety in speech, character, thought, hopes and aspirations. And so no Southerner need be deterred from his course when he hears talk of a "wave of the future." That wave exists only in imagination.

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Uneasy Lies . . .

Not quite two hundred years ago
Our grandsires dealt a mortal blow
To George the Third's regality.

Yet now our ad-men's emphasis
In on the "Royal" theme, in this
Great realm of firm egality.

All adjectives once used for kings
Now qualify all sorts of things
To wear, to drink, to ride, to smoke,
And make each democratic bloke
Puff out his chest, adjust his crown,
And pay the tab with kingly frown.

MARTA K. THATCHER

The PRINTED Word

WILLMOORE KENDALL

No Too Far Swing

Over a typical week end (Friday through Sunday), Richman Eugene Meyer's *Washington Post,* as always 'way out in front of its sisters in the Liberal propaganda machine, forwarded the cause of coexistence, egalitarian collectivism, and relativism as follows:

—Scored John Foster Dulles on the grounds that the "substance of his policy" is "containmen'," and that he is "using the cold war to enforce a kind of unconditional surrender" on the USSR; told Mr. Dulles flatly that "the Soviet system is unlikely to be overthrown by pressure on our part" (our task is not to disrupt the USSR but compete with it) and that to this end, the first priority has got to go to "relaxation of tensions, and negotiations based upon equality and mutual interest"; implored Mr. Dulles, in effect, to develop some faith in our "ability to compete"; insinuated that Mr. Dulles, as regards negotiations with the USSR, is off the beam in the President's eye.

—Opined that the current anti-Sukarno revolt in Indonesia may well result in the "dissolution" of that country, or in a "Communist takeover"; sharply dissociated itself from those, outside Indonesia, who would "welcome" its breakup ("that would be a sad outcome in a country with such riches and promise"); wished Sukarno well ("his ability is widely acknowledged"; "in his struggle against 'colonialism' he [has] often expressed his own belief in libertarian ideas"): he alone, "acting in concert with recognized patriots," has the power to "save the situation"; noted that the insurgents are themselves anti-Communists, but failed to mention that their quarrel with Sukarno is that he is the instrument of that future Communist takeover the *Post* professes to be worried about.

—Hoped, *apropos* of the (inflationary, of course) recent reduction of bank reserves by the Federal Reserve Board, that it will "have a good effect on business confidence"; put in a plug, *en passant,* for the Reuther thesis that "closely administered list pricing in such fields as new automobiles" is a major barrier to the price reductions that would "stimulate buying"; made clear to its readers that if we are indeed entering an "extended period of adjustment," the *Post* is soon going to demand a deficit-spending program on which "Congress cannot and will not turn its back"; hoped, to that end, that Congress will soon get around to "adapting the banking system to the tremendous financing requirements the Nation will face in these next years . . ."

—Beat the drum a little for a congressional grant of home rule to those unhappy victims of governmental tyranny, the good folk of the District of Columbia; reminded its readers that the founders of our Republic believed that "government imposed upon any people [!] without their consent or participation was unthinkable"; failed to say whether, in the absence of prompt congressional action, the matter will be carried to the UN.

—Did some heavy thinking about delinquency in the New York schools, and its implications for D.C.: "the conditions responsible . . . are in one degree or another an almost inescapable aspect of urban life"; Washington, too, has its "maladjusted, unhappy, rebellious and sometimes violent youngsters"; in both cities, what such youngsters need is something called "help"—that is, "counselors and qualified psychiatric consultants," and in both cities governmental authorities, instead of providing such "help," have "skimped on the schools" (in Washington concretely, "penny-pinching economizers . . . have denied these requests"); failed to canvass the possibility that a little *less* rod-sparing, carried out by considerably *fewer* rod-sparers, might make certain youngsters *less* rebellious, *less* "sometimes violent."

—Screamed to high heaven over the latest development in the continuing legal battle over the loyalty-security program (the Court of Appeals refusal to reinstate William Vincent Vitarelli in his "nonsensitive" post in the Interior Department): Vitarelli was dismissed on security grounds without being "confronted with any witnesses" and without having had access to "certain confidential information"; under the Supreme Court ruling in *Cole* v. *Young,* which limited the loyalty-security program to "sensitive" positions, Vitarelli was, clearly, entitled to get his job back—and *would* have got it back, except that a "decade of experience with the Federal loyalty-security program has given Americans a sadly degraded concept of due process"; Vitarelli has been condemned on the "unverified assertions of anonymous accusers," not merely to loss of his job but to "life-long disgrace," and all on the purely technical grounds that, since he is neither a veteran nor a member of the classified civil service, he is not entitled to certain "procedural protections" that he would, otherwise, have enjoyed; this smacks, in the *Post's* highly original phrase, of that wicked old outfit the Star Chamber, and there's nothing for it but for the Supreme Court to step in—"before the corrupting influence of the loyalty-security program eats too deep"—and see that justice is done.

—Applauded a) the sentencing of Dave Beck to prison (Dave asked for it: "his responsibility was great . . . yet he used his position to line his own pockets"), and the paroling of Nathan Leopold and Roger Touhy ("there will be some who will condemn this act of mercy . . . but . . . men have found that vengeance is neither a sovereign cure nor a sure deterrent of crime"); added as an afterthought that a) (*in re* Beck) the pendulum is swinging against the state of affairs in which "some bigwigs of the labor movement came to look upon themselves as operating above the law," *but*—I *swear* this is what it says—"it should not be allowed to swing too far," and b) (*in re* Leopold-Touhy) "the struggle to temper justice with mercy is still far from won."

Rural Virginia: A Microcosm

In the rural South whites and Negroes are friendly but segregated neighbors; and their way of life cannot be changed by law without bloodshed

RICHARD WHALEN

Richard Whalen graduated a few years ago from Queens College in New York City. He took a job as editorial assistant with the Richmond News Leader. *On arriving in Virginia, he writes, his preconceptions were wholly those one would expect of a graduate of a typical Northern college. Personal observations of life in Virginia have led him to modify his views, as follows . . .*

Drawn by a mud-brown mule, the buckboard trundled slowly along the highway deep in Virginia's hog and peanut country. A grizzled, hatless farmer held the reins loosely, while his Negro farm hand slouched comfortably on the seat beside him. A string of trailer trucks and autos crept behind them, as the drivers impatiently waited for a chance to pass.

After a few minutes, the road widened and, one by one, the trucks and autos whooshed past the buckboard. But the mule, farmer and Negro did not look up as they edged over on the shoulder. They would get where they were going, they knew, in their own way, in their own good time.

Across Southside Virginia, currents of modern life are sweeping past men and women who seem determined to hold fast to their centuries-old way of living. Peanuts, hogs, tobacco and lumber provide most of the cash these people see each year. Their farms, in counties strung along the Virginia-Carolina line, are generally small; so is their patience with ideas that would alter their way of life.

Beautiful in its soft summer green and breathtaking in its vivid autumn reds and yellows, rural Virginia is a tourists' paradise. But the people, white and Negro alike, who inhabit the land on the other side of the windshield cannot be dismissed as charming rustics. They live by the fixed stars of relatively static communities, and they will not, overnight, become champions of social ideas which they regard as alien and repugnant.

Unlike fluid, incohesive city life, rural life is closely-knit and follows rigid, time-honored forms. The coming and passing of the seasons imposes an inflexible order on the lives of those who till the soil. Change is suspect. The leaders of this agrarian society, almost invariably, are elderly men, filling positions held by their fathers and their fathers' fathers before them. The hand of the past, symbolized by the traditional Confederate memorial on the courthouse green, is heavy but not uncomfortable on their shoulders.

The school, the church and the market place are important centers of life in rural Virginia, islands of social intercourse in the farmer's sea of solitary routine. People in sparsely settled areas, lacking other facilities, often turn to the school as a meeting place for the Ruritans on Wednesday, the Home Demonstration Club lecture on Thursday and the young folks' dances on the week end.

Thus the school in rural Virginia often has a vital social function, only slightly less important than its educational function. And racially separate schools seem irrefutably logical to those born and bred in a society which compels social separation of the white and Negro.

In the North, however, the logic of segregation is laughed to scorn. Many who know little and care less about the reality of the rural South loudly assert that separate schools must go, *now*.

Urban life generates an atmosphere of transient brotherhood in which interracial relationships are casual and natural. The white man tends there to dichotomize his attitude toward the Negro. He does not mingle socially with the Negro, but he loves him passionately in the abstract.

Riding the subway home at night, the white man is stirred to righteous anger at the obscenity of Little Rock, lavishly detailed in his evening newspaper. Something should be done; those boisterous crackers should be dealt with firmly. Yet the white man feels no comparable concern for the welfare of the flesh-and-blood Negro across the aisle. Their relationships, based on expediency and mutual self-interest, cease at five o'clock. They may ride the same subway train, but they get off at different stops and go their separate ways.

There are no subways in Surry County, Virginia, and when white and Negro go home at sundown they are neighbors, separated only by a fence and a field. They live and work together, following social forms which have enabled them to coexist for centuries. They share a common destiny, to prosper or become penniless at the whim of the same forces of nature.

A Negro Farmer

Pack Davis, idling on the porch of his dusty shack in Surry County, is quite unlike the faceless abstraction that is the Northerner's stereotype. Pack's skin is rich ebony; his teeth are dazzling white and perfect. He is about thirty-five years old — he doesn't know for sure, for he was one of ten children, and birth certificates were merely a bother.

Dressed in faded overalls, flannel shirt and hand-me-down boots, Pack doesn't know much about Broadway, Bop or bright lights. In fact, his clever Northern cousins regard him as ignorant and low-class. But that doesn't matter; he goes to Petersburg once a week and Richmond twice a year. That is enough city life for him.

Four of Pack's children—three boys and a girl—contribute to the 75 per cent Negro school population of the county. In at least nine Southside counties, Negro children comprise 60 per cent or more of the school enrollment. Over in Charles City County, 1,100 Negroes and 300 whites attend separate schools.

Pack's schooling, such as it was, is far behind him. He has lived in Surry County all his life, as his parents and their parents did before him. Each year, with the grudging assistance of two sway-backed mules, Pack takes peanuts, soybeans and corn from their fifty-three acres of sandy loam. A few mud-splattered hogs root for nuts in the yard before his three-room frame house, and a lean, tan hound, his skin drawn tight over his ribs, lies snoring on the doorstep. Out back, on the fringe of deep, virgin timber, the family cow grazes, her from the school bus every afternoon, laughing and shouting at their schoolmates, Pack is satisfied. There are no issues, crises or causes in his life, and he sleeps soundly at night.

His White Neighbor

However, his white neighbor across the highway is uneasy. Thick veins in his wind-burned neck jut angrily as he talks of integration.

"It'll mean right much blood around here if the colored try to integrate," he declares. "We ain't gonna have it."

A school bus stops on the highway and his small daughter, fair-haired and blue-eyed, trudges up the rutted path to the two-story white frame house. She waves to her father and stares at the stranger. Her father's eyes follow her into the house.

"My daughter ain't goin' to school with the colored," he says, his heavy,

bell jangling as her head bobs and sways. Between crops, Pack works at a nearby sawmill or hires out by the day to his white neighbors.

Three-quarters of Surry's farms are operated by their owners. There are about 700 farms in the county, averaging 140 acres. Peanuts, backed by price supports, are the main crop, with soybeans next. Peanut-and-corn-fed hogs raised here go north as Smithfield hams. Pack makes ends meet on a little more than $1,000, mostly because he keeps a garden and a few chickens. His tax bill is about $50 a year; most of his friends pay nothing.

Integration as a cause does not excite Pack. His children attend a new elementary school, far better than the one they started in. Many Negro schools have been built in the last few years, and Pack knows why. But he isn't anxious to push the white folks too far. When his kids hop work-chafed hands slowly opening and closing around the fence post.

A paid-up member of the Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Liberties, he is pledged to defend States' Rights and separate schools peacefully. But his knuckles are white around the fence post when he says:

"We ain't gonna have it."

A fresh-killed opossum next to the barn catches the stranger's eye.

"I got him in the pasture last night," the farmer explains with a grin. "By and by, I'm gonna take him over to Pack, 'cross the road, and swap him for some of those spareribs he got when he slaughtered hogs last week."

And the calm round of life continues in the eye of the integration hurricane. Even as 'possum and spareribs are swapped in Surry, whites and Negroes sit hunched around fires outside tobacco barns in Mecklenburg County, swapping tales as they patiently tend slow-curing fires that mellow the golden leaf. And in Brunswick County, a white man and his half-dozen Negro hands talk and laugh together above the high-pitched whine of their chain-saw, as they fell yellow pine for the pulp manufacturers at Jarrett and Roanoke Rapids.

Yet the seed of suspicion has been sown and it may yet be nurtured with men's blood.

A prosperous tobacco man sits in his office above the bank in Clarksville, doubt and uncertainty etched on his wrinkled face.

"I don't know what's coming," he says slowly, "and I don't know what will become of the Negro if the schools are closed."

A pleasant-faced woman in Hopewell, an industrial city of 18,000, is shrill and determined.

"They want to force us to have Negroes in our houses, to eat with us and live with us. I wasn't brought up that way and I won't change now. It's a terrible, terrible thing. . . ."

Negroes standing on street corners in towns throughout the Southside simply don't want to talk about it.

"All I want now is a job," said a middle-aged Negro farmer in Lawrenceville. "I don't care about the schools."

A young Negro principal stands at the window of his new $350,000 school in Orange County.

"Yes," he agrees, "this is a fine school and a tremendous improvement over our old one. Do you know we had 85 pupils in two rooms there, and a big hole in the roof, and no cafeteria facilities? This is a fine school, but . . ."

Reaction to Little Rock

For three years, until last September, more than a few white men below the Potomac listened to the moral arguments of the North, for they heard an echo in their own consciences. But the Eisenhower Administration's decision to use the last resort first at Little Rock closed the minds and hearts of many moderate Virginians. Differences were buried as the Old Dominion closed ranks to resist the second coming of Reconstruction.

Neo-Confederate feeling is strong in Virginia, where not a single classroom has been integrated, and where Governor J. Lindsay Almond Jr. is empowered to close any public school in which race-mixing is required by court decree. Almond, candidate of the long-dominant Byrd Organization, swept into the Governor's Mansion on the crest of a two-to-one plurality over Republican Ted Dalton, a respected State Senator, who had advocated a Pupil Assignment Plan similar to North Carolina's.

The Byrd Organization's policy of "massive resistance" springs from the grass-roots, from the remote courthouses and crossroads, and clearly reflects the alternatives most Virginians see: Either we shall preserve every element of our way of life, not yielding an inch, or we shall surrender, ingloriously and hopelessly, to all that we believe integrated schools imply.

Conscious of a past that intrudes on the present, many Virginians, particularly in the rural areas, embrace "massive resistance" as their great-grandfathers embraced the standard of the Confederacy. They are determined that the South shall not be proved wrong again; and scores of latter-day J. E. B. Stuarts are eager to support their determination with reckless action.

This proud defiance stems from a growing conviction that the North, which gave emotional approval to Little Rock, will accept nothing less than unconditional surrender from the white South. Thus, the trumpets of righteousness and States' Rights blare on the banks of the Potomac, while the gulf of tragic misunderstanding deepens.

The root of the tragedy is this: The urban, industrial North knows little of the rural, agricultural South, and vice versa. And it is the villages, crossroads and hamlets of the rural South that are the strongholds of irreconcilable segregationist sentiment. The schools in Richmond might conceivably be integrated without bloodshed during the next decade. But the schools of Surry County, of Brunswick County, of Mecklenburg County—of counties and parishes across the South—could not be integrated peacefully.

Why? Because laws cannot compel men to accept that which they abhor.

The prospect of school integration, believed to be merely a prelude to miscegenation, is utterly abhorrent to simple men who will spill blood before submitting. Call this ignorance, ethnocentrism, fanaticism; call it what you will, but look it square in the face, for it is the reality of the rural South.

Natural Change

Yet a social revolution, tending ultimately to improvement of the Negro's status, was set in motion sixty years ago, when the New South, with its factories and hard-surfaced highways, began to rise. Life is change, and the forces of natural change will not be denied. Good roads and electricity have brought startling changes to rural Virginia in the last generation. Automobiles, telephones, radios and, lately, television sets have opened up the once-remote regions, enabling country people to know something of the world around them, and also making it possible for them to leave if they choose. Pack, sitting comfortably on his doorstep in Surry, will not leave. But his children, better educated, alive to a world much larger than their father's, may find that two mules, a shack and some fifty acres are not enough. Seeking something more, they will, if necessary, venture outside their native county or state.

And change will come, slowly and gradually, with the irreversible decline of the small farm and the continuing flight of Negroes to jobs in industry or the North. Urbanization of the Negro, whether in an industrially expanding South or in the North, will free him from the rigid forms of rural society. But it will also remove the paternal, if repressive, hand of the white neighbor, who lends him money, gives him a job, posts his bond and bears much of the burden of his child's education.

Urbanization and escape into the relatively fluid milieu of the city will test the Negro's self-reliance, while furnishing him an opportunity to grow into the equality he has asserted. If he rises to this opportunity, asserting his independence and responsibility, as well as his equality, the Negro will, in the fullness of time, work out a meaningful self-emancipation.

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Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The Makings of Right-Wing Defeat

Two items of news greeted Mr. Macmillan when he returned from his Commonwealth tour—the Rochdale by-election and Mr. Sandys' second White Paper on defense; not, of course, that Mr. Sandys' views on defense were new to him, nor can the Rochdale result have been much of a surprise unless the Government is confined even more rigorously to its ivory tower than some of us suppose.

Consider the figures. At the last General Election in 1955, the Conservative candidate held Rochdale with 25,518 votes against 24,928 for the Socialist. This time the Socialist came top with 22,133 votes; a Liberal candidate came second with 17,063; and the Conservative was at the bottom of the poll with only 9,827. Rochdale was a key election and those figures, even when every allowance has been made for special circumstances, are highly instructive.

The issues on which the campaign was fought are probably not the real issues which decided the election. The Socialist talked a great deal about disarmament and pledged his Party to unilateral abolition of the hydrogen bomb. This proved a popular attitude and to a great extent the Liberal candidate shared it. Angered by the Government's belief in a European Free Trade Area, the Cotton Employers' Association advised its members not to vote Conservative, though they can hardly expect textile imports to be restricted either by Liberal free traders or by international Socialists.

The Conservative and Socialist candidates were doubtless worthy men; they certainly weren't interesting ones. Chief among the special circumstances at Rochdale was the identity of the Liberal candidate. He was Mr. Ludovic Kennedy, a well-known writer and television commentator, married to the red-haired ballerina Moira Shearer. Mr. Kennedy was able to exploit his natural advantages to the full. For the first time and not without profound misgivings from the two major Parties, commercial television broadcast some carefully balanced programs on the campaign.

Tories Lose Again

But all these interesting matters were really distractions. One of the troubles with our political system is that the voter has no chance to express his opinion on particular issues. He must vote for a whole bundle of policies: the individual candidates can make very little difference: elections are decided by the general climate of opinion concerning the political Parties.

From this point of view, Rochdale was only the latest and most severe of the defeats which the Tories have been suffering in by-election after by-election. As usual, the lost votes were not transferred to the Labor Party. The Socialist vote is always fairly stable: the anti-Socialist majority, that is the sum of the votes which went to the Liberal and the Conservative, was quite considerable. The only difference at Rochdale was the intervention of an attractive Liberal candidate, who mopped up a good many of the dissident Tory votes.

A good many, but of course not enough. Mr. Kennedy had everything in his favor. He did as well as any Liberal can expect to do and he still wasn't elected. "The great Liberal revival" is a pleasant mirage with unpleasant consequences. It means that, though the Liberals have no hope of gaining power themselves, they are fully capable of getting Socialist candidates elected in hundreds of constituencies.

The rational answer would seem to be some sort of agreement, if not coalition, between the Conservative and Liberal Parties; both are believers in freedom and sound money, both are condemned by the Socialists as parties of the Right. Of the five Liberals now sitting in Parliament, two owe their seats entirely to an arrangement with the local Conservatives. But, far from extending this system, the Tories are angrily threatening an all-out fight against every Liberal candidate, and the Liberals are dreaming vain dreams of unfettered success.

Bloody but unbowed, the Conservative Central Office still shows no signs of understanding why the Government is out of favor. Every right-wing commentator has explained loudly and clearly that semi-Socialist policies will never win over real Socialists but do alienate real Conservatives. The true issue at Rochdale was the cost of living, and Conservative voters very properly see two tests of a Government's policy toward the cost of living: its policy toward the unions and its attitude toward Government spending. The present Government seems to have no policy toward the unions, and Mr. Thorneycroft's resignation is too recent to allow many illusions about Government spending.

Defense Policy

Undeterred by these chilly political winds, the Minister of Defense has produced his new policy statement, which is really only a progress report on the plans he outlined last year. He announces further pay rises for regular servicemen and a big development of the Navy.

Both land and sea forces are to be based on nuclear weapons, while retaining sufficient conventionally armed troops to deal with limited emergencies. The real sting of Mr. Sandys' White Paper lies in its blunt statement that any major Soviet assault must be met with nuclear weapons whether or not the Communists use them first. The huge Soviet armies still hang like a cloud in the East and the free world owes its continued freedom only to the balance of power created by nuclear weapons.

It is refreshing to find the situation clearly appreciated and clearly stated by a man whose opinions lead to action. This White Paper is typical of the best side of the present Government's work—the sensible, unpublicized, not always popular progress which has been made. Unfortunately, this isn't the sort of thing which wins elections and good work can very easily be destroyed.

from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Spreading Stock Ownership

Walter Reuther has recently posed the question of the most profitable way to distribute profits. He thinks that if more of the profit of the auto industry went to the worker and to the consumer, the economy would be better off. Unfortunately, Mr. Reuther's rule-of-thumb proposition raises considerably more problems than it settles. Chief among these is the problem of justice. To whom does profit legitimately belong?

Long ago Francis Amasa Walker, who taught economics at the Yale Sheffield Scientific School in the eighteen-seventies, argued that profit was "deserved" by the entrepreneur. It was entrepreneurial brains, imagination and managerial skill, so Walker said, which distinguished a profitable concern from a "no profit" company at the outer margin. With Walker, profit was, in effect, a "rent" accruing to entrepreneurial ability, a natural payment commanded by the "inherent powers of the mind."

The Walker definition does very nicely for companies that are entrepreneurially owned. But what of the modern corporation with hundreds of passive, even somnolent, stockholders? Well, stockholders, working through directors, have the ultimate responsibility for choosing a skillful and imaginative high command. Can it be argued that they deserve no profit for their discernment in picking a good entrepreneurial team? Certainly they must suffer the losses that follow, willy-nilly, from the choice of an incompetent group of managers.

Inasmuch as the stockholder must pick good men to render his ownership profitable, he is, after all, part of the entrepreneurial team. He must have judgment—and it is this judgment, transmitted "down the line," which makes the difference between profits and bankruptcy.

The stockholder, then, since he is both owner and entrepreneur, is morally entitled to the profits. But this does not necessarily mean that he should choose to take all the profits. It may be the mark of good competitive entrepreneurship to plow profits back into research, or into buying a more satisfactory *esprit de corps* by raising wages or offering profit sharing or stock options to employees. The division, the deployment, of profits is a *policy* question—and the stockholder who buys into a company knows in advance that his voice in policy will be exactly commensurate with his number of shares.

The trouble with most of our theorists who agitate such questions as "profit sharing," or the universalization of stock options, is that they do not recognize that every industry—and virtually every company—has a different set of competitive problems. *Vide* the sweeping reforms suggested in *The Capitalist Manifesto* by Louis O. Kelso and Mortimer Adler (Random House, $3.75). In this book the authors try to take us "from here to there" by calling for a law to compel management in "mature" companies to distribute 100 per cent of profits to the stockholder. Moreover, they would couple the 100 per cent distribution with a repeal of the corporate income tax. As for all extra profits deriving from "productivity" increases traceable to the machine, Kelso and Adler insist that the stockholder should get every nickel of them. They argue that labor, under a monopolistic union setup which is backed by governmental "countervailing power," is now getting 70 per cent of the rewards of increased productivity when all it deserves is a mere 10 per cent. It is modern "automation," so Kelso and Adler tell us, which has created 90 per cent of recent productivity.

I would not quarrel with the Kelso-Adler contention that ownership gets the short end of the stick when government puts its "countervailing power" behind labor's demands. But it does not follow from this that 90 per cent of modern productivity increases should go to stock owners and individual entrepreneurs. Management must be free to apportion the net from productivity increases in ways that can best help a corporation meet competition. If the du Ponts, for example, had been compelled by law to pay out 100 per cent of their annual profits to the stockholders, would they have been able to develop all their vast "spread" of products, from cellophane to nylon?

Again, if Henry Ford had been compelled by law to pay out 100 per cent of the Ford Company profits in 1914, his minority partners, including the fractious Dodge brothers and the skeptical James Couzens, would certainly have denied to Mr. Ford the money needed to start the $5-a-day wage policy. Thus Henry Ford would never have been able to prove to an incredulous world that a company can sometimes make more money by paying a high wage than by paying a low one.

Messrs. Kelso and Adler realize that if 90 per cent of the productivity gains were to go to the stockholder and only 10 per cent to labor, the result would be a diminution of consumption power throughout the economy. The stockholders would hardly be in the market for all the automobiles, washing machines, refrigerators and television sets which the modern industrial order is capable of producing. To bridge this impasse, Kelso and Adler advocate a widespread distribution of stock ownership to virtually the entire population. Here their concern for justice fails them. They would force the distribution of ownership by putting arbitrary legal ceilings on the amount of stock which any single "household" is permitted to hold, and by making the purchase of future issues of stock available to the less well-to-do households on a favored basis. Thus the "leveling" which they have abolished via the front door comes creeping back through the window.

There is much that is worthwhile in the Kelso-Adler blueprint. More power to the authors if they can abolish the corporation tax, or scale down the inheritance tax, or promote voluntary equity-sharing plans. The only trouble with their blueprint is that it includes no mathematically just formula for bringing an equity-shared Utopia into being. It rests not on justice but on Robin Hood theft.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

The Bigotry of Science

DESPITE the ingrained certainty of the contemporary intellectual world that there never has been so flexible and so tolerant a society as ours, the truth of the matter is very nearly the opposite. Never, perhaps, has the intellectual imagination been held so tightly within a strait jacket as in these "enlightened" times. The bigotry with which Liberalism systematically attempts to destroy any person or idea or attitude that asserts the existence of a many-chambered universe, outside the arid and sterile cell in which the Liberal mind would confine the human imagination, becomes day by day more and more obvious.

But there is another aspect of contemporary bigotry, a buttress to the constraining power of Liberal ideology, but also independently a heavy yoke upon the human spirit. This is the bigotry of science: the demand that all activities of the intellect which do not follow the methods of the sciences, and all intellectual conclusions which do not square with the conclusions of that methodology, be cast into outer darkness as infantile and/or superstitious.

The influence of this bigoted assumption, that only the scientific method is valid and that all other methods achieved by men have been but the fumblings of children, can be observed in every area of intellectual endeavor. The rich tradition of the ages is discarded left and right—in philosophy, by the logical positivists and the analytical philosophers; in literary criticism, by the devotees of a dessicated New Criticism; in political and social theory, by the "policy scientists" and the "behavioral scientists." The heritage of metaphysics, literary sensibility, moral and political theory, is thrown on the waste heap to make place for a methodology that is satisfactory enough for the study of the regularities of the behavior of physical matter, but which becomes totally inadequate either for the consideration of ultimate truth or for the study of situations involving men—sentient beings endowed with consciousness, will, and the faculty of moral understanding.

The ability to grasp concepts that can neither be derived from the empirical observation of nature or society, nor deduced by mathematical means from such observations, has degenerated to so pitiful a level that those pages of scholarly quarterlies and Liberal-oriented magazines of opinion which attempt to deal with such questions, partake of the tantalizing nature of double-talk.

Nor is this to be wondered it. The assiduous denial of the existence of realms not reducible to understanding by the scientific method produces minds that are functionally incapable of intelligible discourse about matters that by their nature exist only in such realms. When a Nestor of contemporary political science like Harold Lasswell, or a theoretical astronomer like Fred Hoyle, or an exponent of the new control-science, cybernetics, talks about such a transcendentally-based concept as value and attempts to contain it within the modes of apprehension of the scientific method, it is like a congenitally blind man discoursing on the sunset.

More immediately and practically, the effects of this science-worship are reflected in the cry that arises as the Soviet threat mounts: "Science will save us"—when our deepest problems are defects of moral understanding and will, defects which the scientific methodology can do nothing to correct.

IF I ATTACK the presumptions of scientists and show a regard for the body of scientific knowledge that is rather less than it usually receives these days, it is not because I underestimate the validity and the power of the scientific method in its proper sphere. The accelerating control of nature, achieved over the past 150 years, is witness to its power; and it would be obscurantist indeed to separate those triumphs from the method upon which they are based.

Nor certainly would I suggest that there is anything wrong *per se* in the continuing development of scientific knowledge and scientific control over nature. Quite apart from the fact that the very survival of Western civilization depends at least partially upon a high rate of scientific and technological development, there is something deeply immoral about any effort, whether that of an individual person or of a civilization, to solve fundamental problems at a lower level than that of highest capability. The development of the scientific faculty creates problems for an unbalanced civilization, it is true. But to suppress one faculty in order that the underdeveloped ability of another faculty may have its problems cut down to size is to stunt spiritual growth—which is to move rapidly down the road to fossilization and death.

THIS is not the problem; it is not the scientific method in its own sphere that is wrong. What is wrong is its application to areas unamenable to its characteristic virtue, the ability to analyze recurrent sets of regular activity of phenomena and to deduce the causal principles at work. What is wrong is its use in areas where conscious subjective freedom enters: whether it be the activities of men, or the universe as a whole.

Art, politics, psychology, ethics, philosophy—the whole gamut of knowledge outside of the knowledge of how to predict and control the reactions of physical matter—are intrinsically unamenable to the scientific methodology. Abstract reason, intuitive apprehension, the method of analogy, the creative symbolism of art, the tradition of revelation: it is through these modes of understanding that men know most of the important things they know. The mode of the sciences has its place, and an important one, but only when it takes its proper position in the ranked hierarchy of knowledge, so that in the control of nature it becomes a useful servant, not a disintegrator and disorganizer of the truly human understanding.

But It Won't Stay Buried

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

The last time I saw Harry Ashmore was in October of 1954, at Asheville, N.C., where the National Conference of Editorial Writers was in session. He was in an upstairs room at the Grove Park Inn, happily engaged in lickering up the banquet speaker, and we after-youed on the bourbon bottle for a few minutes before the evening's sonorities got under way.

That was the autumn after the high co't had spoken from Sinai in the spring, and had found in the Fourteenth Amendment certain prohibitions upon state powers that no judicial body ever had found there before. But Southern schools still were segregated, save in renegade Baltimore and in the District, and the Court had put off implementation of its decree until the spring of 1955. We of the South were living then in a sort of post-operative shock; nobody was very mad about anything. It wasn't until the following summer that the anesthesia wore off.

Since then a good many things things have happened. All sorts of political quacks have come to the South to stand at our bedside. We have been psychoanalyzed by the *New York Times,* which found us full of traumas; we have been visited by doctors of sociology, singly and in coveys; we have had temperature and pulse recorded so many times that some of our public officials, accosted by a stranger, automatically put out a regional tongue and say "ah." No more. Now, it appears, the patient has expired. Mr. Ashmore, pulling up a shroud, has come to bury the dead (*An Epitaph for Dixie,* Norton, $3.50).

"It is gone now," he says of the South, "whatever it was we had." The South's old values, "naked and exposed to winds of change," have gasped their last. Mr. Ashmore, rest his soul, has seen the error of his sinful ways; he has made peace with New York; he has surrendered; he finds in the South "nothing left to defend."

IT MIGHT have been supposed that a Southerner, for Mr. Ashmore is a Southerner, would find this funereal task a melancholy one. Not he. He sets about his lugubrious business as happily as any mortician at a $2,500 wake. The old South is dead, says Mr. Ashmore, and he is professionally sorry about it; but Dixie was always overrated. It had many faults. Let it go. He is cheerily optimistic that things will be better once the true heirs take over.

Now, it is not possible to view Mr. Ashmore's little book as a major work. When Ralph McGill says that it "merits the adjective great," and that it "does for the rising generation what W. J. Cash's *The Mind of the South* did for the previous one," the eminent editor of the *Atlanta Constitution* is talking through his eminent hat. This is not a great book; it is a glossy piece of journalism by a confident pro. And to rank Mr. Ashmore's *Epitaph* with Cash is absurd. Whatever one may think of Cash, and I disagree profoundly with many of his conclusions, Cash painted large upon a grand canvas. He was a scholar and a thinker, and his premature death (he was only forty when he died some seventeen years ago) deprived the South of a potentially great intellectual force.

Mr. Ashmore, by contrast, has nothing much to offer save a certain easiness of style—an Adlai Stevenson addressing the ladies' sodality. His book is deft, witty, epigrammatic, neatly quotable—and as shallow as a saucer. As serious literary work, it is a fine after-dinner speech.

Yet *An Epitaph for Dixie* is being widely syndicated. A hit tune of the winter season, it offers mournful lyrics that fall sweetly upon the Liberal ear. It is not a book to be ignored.

MUCH OF HIS thesis is beyond objection: Obviously the South is more urban, less agrarian, than it used to be. Surely the South is seeking new industry, and is affected by the growth of cities. Plainly the old order of white and Negro relationships is yielding place to new. In many economic respects, the South doubtless is more "of the nation" than it used to be.

But Mr. Ashmore has set himself an all but impossible task when he undertakes to chisel an "epitaph for Dixie," for he is attempting to inter a state of mind, to bury a disembodied spirit. And the South has this in common with the late Mr. Brown, that its soul goes marching on. Mr. Ashmore, a busy fellow, may contend that "nobody has time for courtly conversation over a julep these days." He may imagine that the South's love and respect for R. E. Lee exists now only as "a special fillip to the public relations campaign." I don't know what giddy circles he revolves in, but in my own observation the South's leisurely pace remains unhurried, and affection for the Confederacy is strong and genuine.

This deliberate speed, this umbilical tie with the past, are characteristics of the essential Dixie. These survive. And those characteristics of grace and manner and courtesy, of social amenity, of classes, of an often ingrown conservatism— these survive too, and these *are* "Dixie." That is what Dixie is all about. Indeed, my own esimate is that except for the Southern accent, which is regrettably fading, and except for some Southern cooking, which we are well rid of, the South is becoming not less Southern but more so. One immediate and direct result of the school decisions, as Mr. Ashmore concedes, was to

weld the South back together at about the time it was drifting toward naional identification. There always were some Republican strongholds in the days of Bryan, Wilson and John W. Davis, and there are integrationist islands in a day of Talmadge, Byrnes and Byrd; but for the most part the South is solidly South once more.

Dixie, let it be said, dies hard. Some thought it died at Appomattox, and some were ready to bury the old South when Henry Grady was proclaiming the new, and others took us to the graveyard with the coming of TVA and the end of the two-thirds rule. But Mr. Ashmore, standing by with his eager tombstone, had best wait a bit. He is likely to learn of the South, as others have learned before, that perhaps a thing should be dead—but, gentlemen, it won't lie down.

The Quality of the South

ANDREW LYTLE

The Lasting South, edited by Louis D. Rubin Jr. and James Jackson Kilpatrick (Regnery, $5.50), is a book of essays on the cultural antagonism between the South and the prevailing statism of Liberal democracy, and on the threat to the South of final extinction before statism's mass and commonplace mind. The contributors are chiefly from the Eastern seaboard and the lower South. There are a few from the border states and even beyond the region, whose presence focuses attention upon the South as representative of a state of mind within the Christian inheritance, and therefore not restricted to any particular place.

This state of mind is conservative, in the sense that it preserves: Mr. Kilpatrick in "Conservatism and the South" quotes Mr. Lincoln, "adhering to the old and tried, against the new and untried." But Mr. Lincoln reversed himself in the struggle for power between two world-views, the Apollonian and the Faustian, as Richard M. Weaver—in Spenglerian terms—defines the conflict which reached its first great crisis in the Civil War and now rushes towards its next and world crisis.

This is a book which should be read by all who feel the extremity of our domestic and foreign peril. Let us face it. Liberal democracy is a part of the Christian drama, but it represents the devil. Liberty and fraternity are Christian words: the freedom of the will to save or damn; fraternity, the brotherhood in God. But equality exists nowhere in nature or society, nor indeed in the promise of afterlife. It is a word of false illusions, which is the devil's strategy. And what did Mephistopheles offer Faust but seeming immortality and absolute power over man and matter—the very ideals and *mystique* of economic determinism—which is the Liberal's only belief and the source of his irresponsibility towards himself and his fellow man. For he has given up before the kinetic power of matter, his humanity degenerating into humanitarianism. This is why he hates the South, for it reminds him of what he is. The South is different in that it recognizes the limits of nature and man, under God's sovereignty. The Southerner is the classicist who enjoys the way, leaving the end to God.

SPACE does not allow mention of all the essayists, but they show that stubborn resistance to the prevailing heresy. Mr. Kilpatrick's brilliant restatement of the historical definition of the Constitution exposes the subversive claim of the Supreme Court that it is only interpreting the Constitution, when actually it has become an oligarchy usurping the power of sovereignity. Clifford Dowdey makes the best historical explication of the growth and meaning of Southern culture, and Mr. Weaver of its state of mind. But all the contributors overlap, since they are not writing as specialists but from points of view which order their sense of the whole.

The weakest essays are on the land and on religion. James McBride Dabbs in "The Land" gets diverted by the Court's decision, perhaps because he equates the land and the Negro. This is neither historically nor presently true for the South as a whole. The problem on the land is whether family-sized farms can persist before the growing corporate farms, for the family depends upon proprietary ownership widely distributed. The family and its connections are the basis of Southern society. If this goes, the South will go.

BOTH Francis Butler Simpkins and Bishop Brown say wise things, but they assume too readily that the rising tide of a need for faith finds guidance in spiritual matters. Can we take the need as faith, when the laity guides and, according to Mr. Simpkins, confuses morality with orthodoxy? Bishop Brown's description of the diversity of sects is too statistical. The real problem is the defection before the primacy of the Word. The fundamentalist deprives it by a too literal interpretation. The social-welfare doctrine abandons spiritual discipline for temporal activity: surrender of the priest to statism, or at best extending almsgiving beyond its place.

So far, the Faustian polity has gone from success to success, and this is a dangerous state of mind. One may infer from Mr. Rubin's belief that defeat is the constant in Southern memory, a knowledge of experience which may serve the rest of the country when the reckless pride in seeming pre-eminence brings us close to the brink. Of course it all depends upon the South's resisting the perversion of its ways. Acutely, Walter Sullivan wonders in good prose if the Court's decision has not saved the South by shocking it into a reappraisal of itself. I wonder, however, if, confronted by the entrenchment of Faustian powers within its borders, the South may not have to come to rely upon its writers and artists. When language goes, the very shape of thought which defines a culture vanishes. The Russians know this. It's why they respect the Finns. To the Finns the artists are their heroes, for they kept alive their legends, myths and faith, when their native language was forbidden in the schools. This destruction of all that is local and distinct and self-defining most conquerors know for the root of their power.

The time may come when the South is so infiltrated that it can only look to its artists and to the primacy, if

not of the Word, of the word. So it may be that such books as this, uneven as it is, will come to have value we have not thought on. But the greatest hope lies in the artists who will maintain the image of what makes the South a distinct and perhaps lasting way of life.

The Passing Scene

Low Flight of Reason

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

THE DISTINGUISHED American novelist Thornton Wilder gave a speech in Frankfurt this last October. His speech was greeted with levity in the beer cellars of Munich, but for us it was not funny: it was a frightening manifestation of that Mind many call Liberal but which I prefer to call rationalist.

Mr. Wilder addressed himself to the problem of culture in the democratic society of the future. Pointing out that the arts in the past flourished under the patronage of "rulers, aristocrats, ecclesiastical hierarchies and elites," he went on to insist that this patronage bred the conviction that God gave to the few the role of guarding the cultural patrimony of the race. This strengthened the persuasion that only elites were capable of governing. God was worshipped as a father, and the father of every family participated in a borrowed divinity.

Humanity at large was looked upon as something mean and low, vulgar, altogether without intrinsic worth. Buttressed by a society in which serfs went daily to labor in valleys whose heights were dominated by the castles of armed noblemen, the division of men into "high" and "low" was frozen into a grotesque imitation of the law of gravity: as things fall *down,* so too were all things *low* a degradation of reality itself. The time has come, Wilder urged, to erase this division of "high" and "low," to eradicate from the language words such as "noble" and "ignoble," to develop a symbolism fitted for an age wherein words such as "common" and "average" are looked upon as terms of perfection and intrinsic worth.

God, according to Thornton Wilder, is not a father; the "fatherhood" of God is merely a metaphor for a Reality who is Spirit and therefore "in us and below us" as well as above us. The reform of the imagery with which we conceive God will further the destruction of the "father image," will advance the liberation of woman and will forward the myth of the common man.

IT IS impossible to discuss here Mr. Wilder's program for the democratic culture of the future. In any event that program is built upon ignorance and incomprehension: ignorance of the basic truths of human nature and incomprehension of the fundamental doctrines of Christian theology. In stating flatly that "God is not a father; He is spirit," the American novelist assumes an opposition between paternity and spirituality. Paternity is reduced, I presume, to animal insemination, and spirit is removed from any contact with the normal fruition of love. Wilder's "spirit" is something barren and sterile. It is a spirit incapable of generating, of creating, of giving itself away. It is not the Spirit of God known to those who have been blessed with the faith of Christendom. But apart from the question of faith, Wilder, as an educated citizen of the Western world, ought to be conversant with the Christological definitions of the early Church. He ought to know that the orthodox conception of God as the Father has nothing to do with a frustrated schoolmaster waving a stick.

In all eternity the Son of God, the Verbum, is generated by the Father and is the Wisdom and Knowledge of the Father. And the Spirit about which Wilder is so insistent, the Spirit—in Christian theology—is the bond of love, Love Himself, between Father and Son. And if the father of the family partakes of a borrowed divinity it is because the father has generated, in his love of a woman, a child whom he cherishes as the fruit of the body of his love. And herein he follows the injunction of Christ: "Be ye perfect as is your Heavenly Father." The Son is the perfect mirror of the Father, and both are in the Spirit who is Love Himself.

THE RATIONALIST and secularist mind knows nothing about love. Wilder's suggestion that we create a new myth to fit the fatherless man of tomorrow, that we transform the psychic structure of the person, is symptomatic of a failure in reverence, a failure in love before the fabric of mankind. If I look "up" when I pray to God and if I look "down" when I think of ultimate failure; if I raise my head when happy and drop it low when sad—I do so because I am a man and can do no other.

A "fall," in the physical sense of the term, is a movement "downward" and it usually brings with it bruises and all manner of unpleasant effects. This is true not only for a feudal past; it is true in the atomic age as well: when our first earth satellite failed, it fizzled and fell down: it didn't rise! When I am ashamed I walk with my head lowered, and when I am proud I walk erect. Yet Mr. Wilder would have me walk on all fours and thus manifest my acceptance of democratic equality. And even should I succeed in making a go of it on all fours for the sake of the democracy of the future, I would still dream; and when I dreamed, my dreams of failure would be *falls* and my dreams of success would be soaring *flights* high into the free air above. These dreams of mine would merely repeat the dreams Egyptian sculpture

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froze for all time in the dawn of civilization.

Mr. Wilder is a man of years; he knows the meaning of death; I ask him to meditate the symbolism involved in burial and to reconsider his proposals in the light of cemeteries and of life that fails. I suggest to Mr. Wilder that his proposals made in Germany last October are psychologically impossible of fulfillment.

I respect the passion for justice that runs through Mr. Wilder's novels. But the passion for justice, unless subordinated to love, can only bear the fruit of violence. Justice must be tempered by Mercy but both must be consumed by Love. When a man loves, he cares not whether the beloved be above him or below him, his equal or his superior. He no longer thinks in these petty categories. He simply gives himself away. This folly of total surrender is the secret of our Christian civilization. And Mr. Wilder ought to be made to see that while peasants have often died for kings, kings have died for peasants; that while men have died for God, God died for men.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

WINSTON CHURCHILL AND THE SECOND FRONT, by Trumbull Higgins (Oxford, $6.00). Mr. Higgins has bundled together a great many quotations and references (index and notes comprise one fourth of the book) in a very stupid indictment of Winston Churchill for opposing a Second Front in France. He charges, among other things, that Churchill 1) had learned the bloody lessons of World War I, and did not want to fight the Germans head-on again if he could help it; 2) wasn't terribly anxious to do so just for the Soviets; 3) didn't think Generals Marshall, Eisenhower, *et al* (who *were* anxious) knew much about Grand Strategy, and 4) did think that he, Churchill, knew a lot about it and acted that way. No arguments there. Rather, too bad this "indictment" cannot further charge Churchill with having had his way. Mr. Higgins has done more to enhance his subject's prestige than any admirer could, for a friend would have felt constrained to mention Churchill's many mistakes, *e.g.*, backing Tito. But the author concentrates only on Churchill's successes; and the irrelevant fact that Higgins sees it all through the wrong end of the glass is his tough luck, not Churchill's. J. P. MCFADDEN

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE RICH, by C. P. Snow (Scribner, $3.95). Charles Percy Snow, who has been knighted as a civil servant, scientific administrator and physicist, is also a novelist of the first rank. *The Conscience of the Rich* is the seventh in a sequence of novels conceived in 1935, the whole to be known as *Strangers and Brothers* and to be a group portrait of the "new men," the contemporary British soul. This enterprise already gives the strongest evidence of being a massive literary landmark. It diminishes but little from the whole to report that *The Conscience of the Rich* is a less well appointed story of this edifice. Snow's strength is his exceptional penetration into complex personal relationships; his weakness is a lack of colorful and towering imagination. This is fatal here because his subject is a great Anglo-Jewish family. Without going to the sacred ark of Jewish tradition, without seeing the conflicts of the present in the light of the many-candled past, the story of young Jews in rebellion against their elders becomes, as here, the petty and inconsequential shadow-play of insignificant individuals. Snow does not really feel or know his subject. But this does not make him less than he is at best—a novelist of subtle craft and power. E. CASE

THE DAWN OF LIFE, by J. H. Rush (Hanover, $4.50). Dr. Rush discusses current scientific theories accounting for the presence of human beings on earth. Prevailing opinion today is that living material gradually evolved from non-living matter at an early stage in the planet's geological history. When the German chemist Wohler synthesized the organic compound urea in his laboratory, the way was opened to the synthesis of a whole range of organic compounds. Dr. Rush believes that it is inevitable that some day man will be able to form the very complicated carbon system that is living matter in its chemical aspect. The possible results of such a discovery, if it is indeed a possible one, are frightening to contemplate. "The next stage of this development," according to Dr. Rush, "will be the alteration of genetic heredity in desired directions by deliberate synthesis or rearrangement rather than selection from haphazard mutations." But who will decide what are to be the "desired directions by deliberate synthesis" of our hereditary patterns? What kind of robots will be developed in the future by government planners in Moscow or Washington? E. K. ROOSEVELT

THE FINE HAMMERED STEEL OF HERMAN MELVILLE, by Milton R. Stern (University of Illinois, $5.75). Mr. Stern's point about Melville is that his books (or at least four of them) are "the prototype of naturalistic expression," *i.e.*, the first major literature to express the realization that "with God removed . . . it is man alone that makes man's life according to how he sees it and uses it and shapes it." I myself found this view naive, as regards both man and Melville, but I was struck by the fact that at least Mr. Stern writes out of his own convictions. This makes him relatively unique among his genre —the "English professor"—since the latter tends to eschew any personal commitment when he writes and to become, as Kierkegaard once said, "a professor of the fact that another has suffered." On the other hand, Mr. Stern's book is handsomely printed, with wide margins, dense footnotes and forty pages of bibliography. What is there to say, honestly, about a man who continues to commit the self-loving abuse of getting himself so extensively into print while there is still (over a century after *Moby Dick*) no complete, readily available edition of his hero's own writings? R. PHELPS

To the Editor

How Free Is the Market?

Apropos of your editorial comment on Walter Reuther's proposal to judge prices ["Caveat Vendor," February 8], is it so difficult to judge when a price increase is unjustified? One can find the answer quickly from the theory of competitive equilibrium: so long as a plant is operating at less than capacity (*i.e.,* consumers are unwilling to buy the product) then a price increase is unjustified. The trouble today, as even so conservative an economist as Edwin G. Nourse has pointed out, is that the large corporations "administer prices," that is, they seek levels which will guarantee them a return on investment, and if necessary, when volume falls, increase prices in order to retain their *set* margins. As Harlow Curtice admitted before the Kefauver committee, General Motors does not believe in cutting prices. GM does not operate in a free market.

Of course, if prices are to be judged, so must we judge the wage demand, too. And there is also a simple criterion, from competitive equilibrium theory: so long as workers are unemployed in an industry (*i.e.,* the group previously laid off) it shows that there is an over-supply and a wage increase is unjustified.

If one held Curtice—and Reuther—to this course, there would be neither a price nor wage increase in the auto industry at the present moment.

New York City ROBERT DEAN

What's in a Name?

A letter from Monica Barry in your issue of February 8 contains the statement that a "Bureau of Industrial Research" mentioned in the Lusk Report "is now known as the League for Industrial Democracy." This is not true.

SIDNEY HERTZBERG, Executive Director
League for Industrial Democracy
New York City

Mr. Hertzberg takes exception to my parenthetical remark that the Bureau of Industrial Research of 1919 is now known as the League for Industrial Democracy.

This information was taken from the records of the public hearing of 1949, before the Board of Higher Education, on the proposed presidency for Queens College of the late Dr. Bryn J. Hovde. The above-mentioned comment was repeated by several speakers and never denied.

While at the time of the hearing in 1949, I had a copy of Volume One of the Lusk Report, I do not have this volume now. I will not question the veracity of Mr. Hertzberg. Whether the League for Industrial Democracy was ever known as the Bureau of Industrial Research, is not importantly relevant to my primary interest, the New School for Social Research.

I do know positively that the two important reasons for the repudiation of Dr. Hovde as president of Queens College were:

1. He was President of the New School for Social Research.

2. He was in 1949 Vice President of the League for Industrial Democracy.

In the record of the talks at the public hearing in 1949, I find one of the speakers saying: "The true nature of the organization which Dr. Hovde is serving as Vice President, can be seen in the fact that this league was once known as the Inter-Collegiate Socialist Society, which has published and distributed numerous revolutionary pamphlets and booklets, among them Karl Marx's 'Communist Manifesto' and 'The College Student as a Rebel.'

"In this latter booklet, students were urged to 'forego the opportunity to become army or football heroes and become rebels.' The foreword declared, 'Any person under the age of 30, who having the knowledge of the existing social order, is not a revolutionist, is an inferior.'

"The Massachusetts Commission to investigate subversive groups reported: 'Founded as a militant Socialist organization and subsidized by the Communist-directed Garland Fund, the League for Industrial Democracy propagandizes particularly among college and seminary students . . . . The achievements of the 'Workers' Government' in Soviet Russia are painted in gilded eulogy, and similar socialism is advocated for the United States.'"

My original point was that the New School for Social Research is reputed to be pro-socialist, as is the League for Industrial Democracy.

Forest Hills, N. Y. MONICA BARRY

Mr. Kirk on the New School

One of your correspondents ["To the Editor," February 8], the author of a letter of criticism of the New School for Social Research (in which she assumed that the policies and personnel of the New School of fifteen years ago were the policies and personnel of today), may be interested to learn that the New School was the first institution in the United States to exclude teachers who belonged to the Communist Party. It still does exclude them, of course.

Apparently because of a blunder in my typing, the "From the Academy" account of the New School referred to "the late Alvin Johnson." I had meant to write "until lately president," or something of the sort. Dr. Johnson is by no means deceased; he is president emeritus of the New School.

Greenvale, N. Y. RUSSELL KIRK

Unilateral Defenselessness

In commenting [February 8] on our Open Letters to President Eisenhower and Premier Bulganin calling for unilateral suspension of H-bomb tests by the United States and Soviet Russia, your proofreader (and what proofreader is perfect?) permitted an error which garbled one of our main points.

We said that continuance of the tests "constitutes a grave menace to the health and *genetic* [not *general* as in your quotation] soundness of the whole human race." . . .

As for your implication that our letters were somehow Communist-inspired, we should like to call to your attention that neither the Soviet Government nor any Communist Party in the world has urged that the USSR halt H-bomb tests on a unilateral basis.

CORLISS LAMONT
New York City MARGARET I. LAMONT

The Communists are not that dumb.
—ED.

Ten little Indians may go to Washington— *but how many will get back?*

PART of the federal taxes you pay to Washington are earmarked to be returned to your community to pay for local improvements like roads, bridges, schools.

But not all of these local improvement tax dollars make it back home. Some of them are ambushed by Washington bureaucrats to pay the costs of administering the Federal Government's huge "local aid" program. Costs such as bureaucrats' salaries, secretaries, offices and who knows how much red tape.

It's okay for Washington to handle legitimate federal functions like postal service, the FBI and national defense. But it's hard to find any reason why local communities have to maintain expensive middlemen in Washington to administer their own local improvements. If these projects were handled on the spot *all* of the tax money could go for the schools, roads and bridges so many communities need so badly. And we would get rid of many obsolete government agencies that are maintaining themselves uselessly at the taxpayers' expense. Why not write your congressmen about it?

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